



#2

BLACK LABEL

BEHEMOTH

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2019

HATRED

HATRED: BLACK LABEL

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This place looks like a goddamn warzone. I thought this was a potential 18-

Dispatch, Reynolds and Zurich are on-site.

It will be a warzone, Reynolds...

Unless we find and stop him--

Him, detective? You're saying all of this is the work of one man?!

I believe so, yes. Much like the massacre in New York was one man... no apparent motive.

Christ... you think we're dealing with a copycat here? Have others been reported?

There's been a string of murders out of Los Angeles. I don't believe that's a copycat, though. The LAPD have reported them to have all been different.

So you don't thin-

No... I think Los Angeles is just fucked up.

Holy shit-- are those bullet holes?!

Hey! Ten points for the rookie!

Shut up, Michae-

I'm just messing with you, Zurich- I thought the call was for arson and possible homicide...

Oh, I believe arson was the means for mass homicide.

These two tried to escape and came through the window.

Feeling that the man was the greater threat, he made his shots were sloppy, here.

Seeing that, she froze, and the killer was able to take a more precise shot.

So, that must be Damian Smith's house?





Ah, yes... the rapper who moved out of the city to enjoy the quiet life. That's our prime suspect, folks.

Huh?

Um... because he's the only black guy in town?

I've already checked his priors, detective... other than a possession charge as a teen in Baltimore there's nothing... no history of violence.

NO!
This is the only home not burning...



DAMIAN SMITH! RPD, OPEN UP!



I SAID OPEN, GOD-DAMNIT!

KEEPP!

CHUNKK!



THERE!
Looks like he's gone in there...

How do we know that's **HIS** blood?

We don't... best to be ready for anything.

SMITH!
Where you at, man? We just want to talk...



Jesus Christ...

Looks as though he's not finished.

You think he has another target in mind?

I'm sure of it... he's ready to go...



Clear on this end...

Shit...

THE FUCK YA'LL DOING IN MY HOUSE?

YA'LL MUST BE HERE...

**TO
DIE!!!**

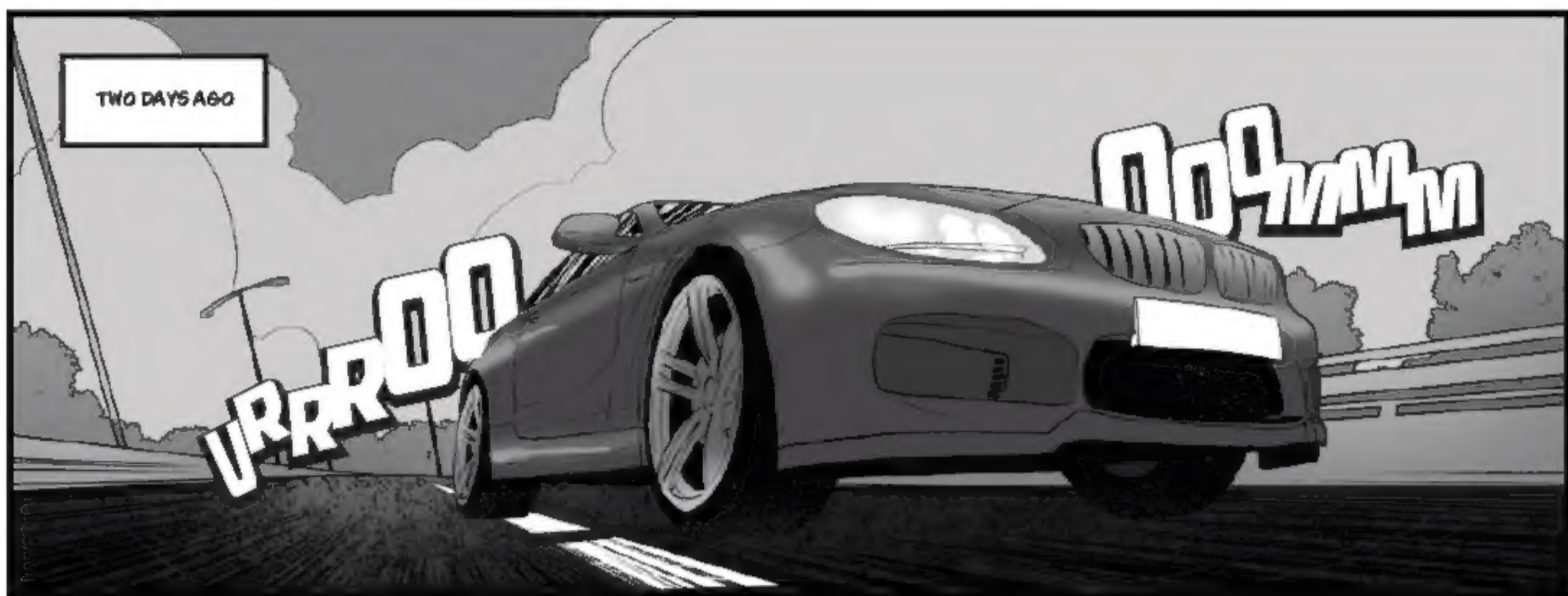
BLAHHH!

THUUNNNH

HATRED

BLACK LABEL







The fuck is their problem?

Maybe they don't like that you didn't keep with the neighborhood's style of house?

Don't like your music? I don't know, sir-

Motherfu-

Damian... I meant Damian.



Man, it feels good to be home!

Yeah, the place looks great! Still has that new home smell!

Can't believe it's already been a week... the cleaners did a great job though... ready for this party, man!



Good thinking, Jonesy...

...this that Black Label shit we went to get?

Yep! I've been told it's the smoothest 151 proof money can buy.

You must be excited for the housewarming party...

I imagine you invited a few people.



Oh yeah... a bunch of my niggas I go back with.

Hell, a couple of them I grew up with in the PJ's back home.

Some ladies too... may even save one for you!

=GULP!=-



Man, that shit is good! Hey, they still out there?

Let me check...

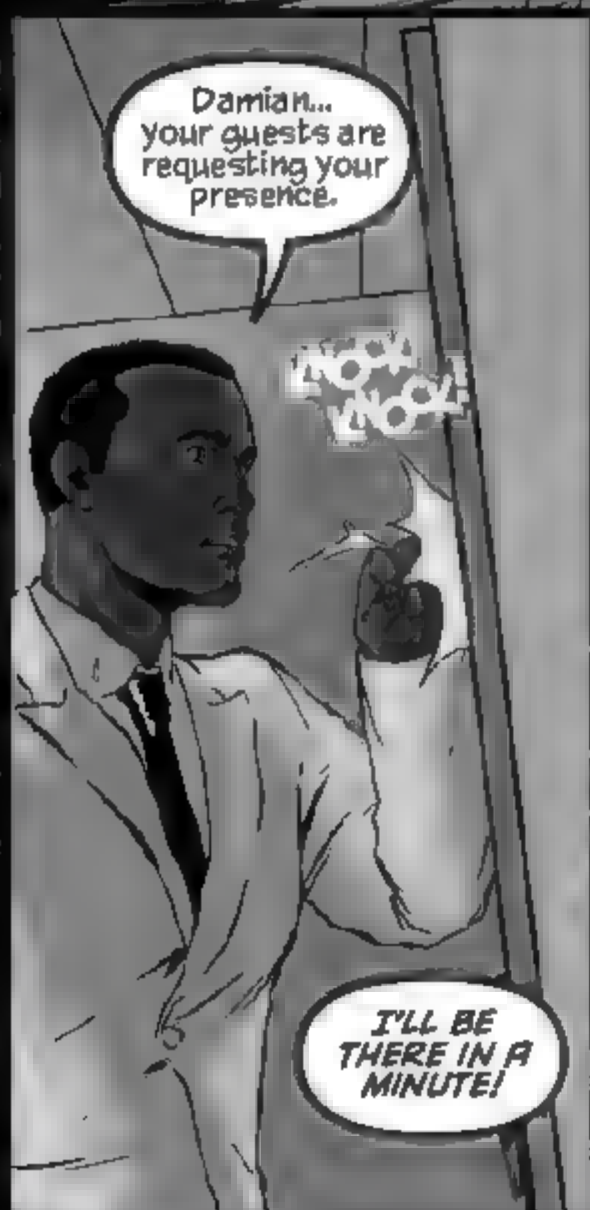
Ya! What's good, my nigga? Ya'll almost here?



They're going back inside.









What's good, fam? Ya'll missed me or what?

Damian!

Yo! Come hit this joint, cuz!

Oh God, I'm so drunk!

Don't you throw up in here, take your ass outside!



EWWWW... OH SHIT...



Mister Smith...

This is officer Reynolds with the RPD.

Can I talk to you for a minute?

Just let your drunk ass back in...

WANT! Ya'll turn it down...



What can I do for you, officer?

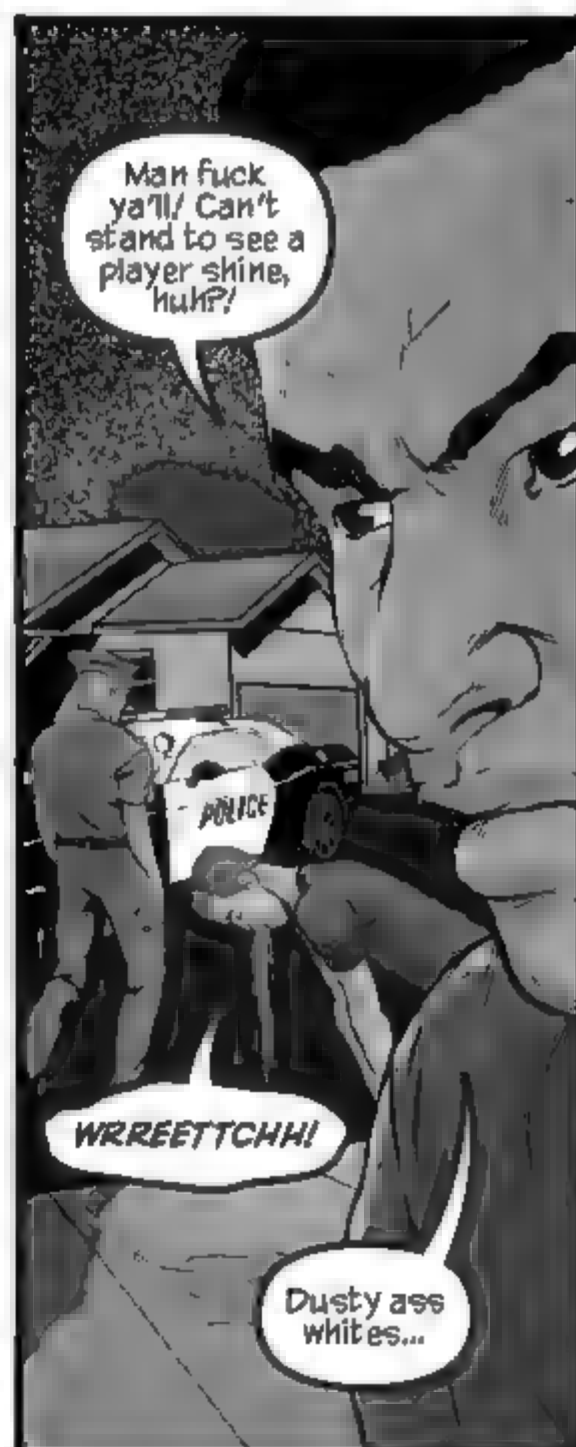
Hey, man... we've received a couple calls complaining about the noise from your party.

I know you want to break the place in but can you all keep it down? I really don't want to come back out here.

Cool... cool. I got you...

We'll keep it down.

If you got a ticket for me or something just leave it in the mailbox.



Man fuck ya'll! Can't stand to see a player shine, huh?

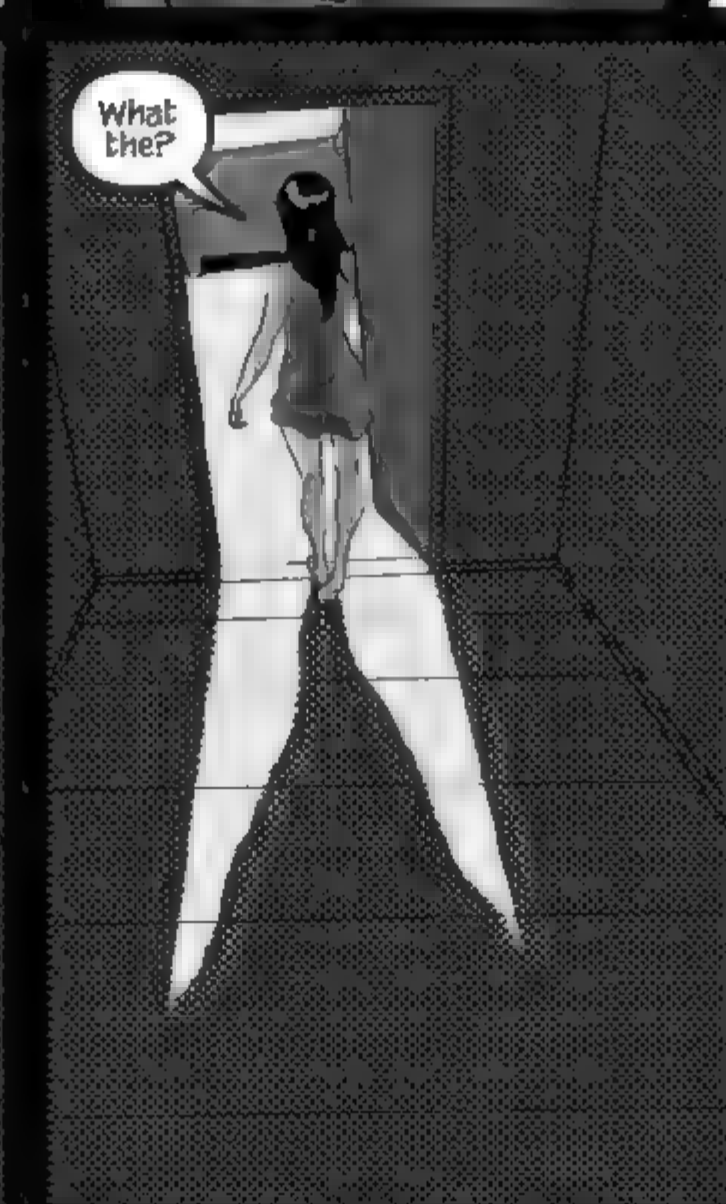
WRREETTCHH!

Dusty ass whites...













And
BURNED
the spider
OUT!!





I can't believe that fucker talked to us that way. What in the hell gives him the right after making all that racket?



We knew what it could mean having a famous rapper moving into our town. Hopefully it mellows out.

I give it two weeks, Cheryl... if it doesn't stop, we're fucking moving.



Hmm?

Ye-yeah... that'll work!

Baby... calm down. Maybe you just need something to take your mind off this...



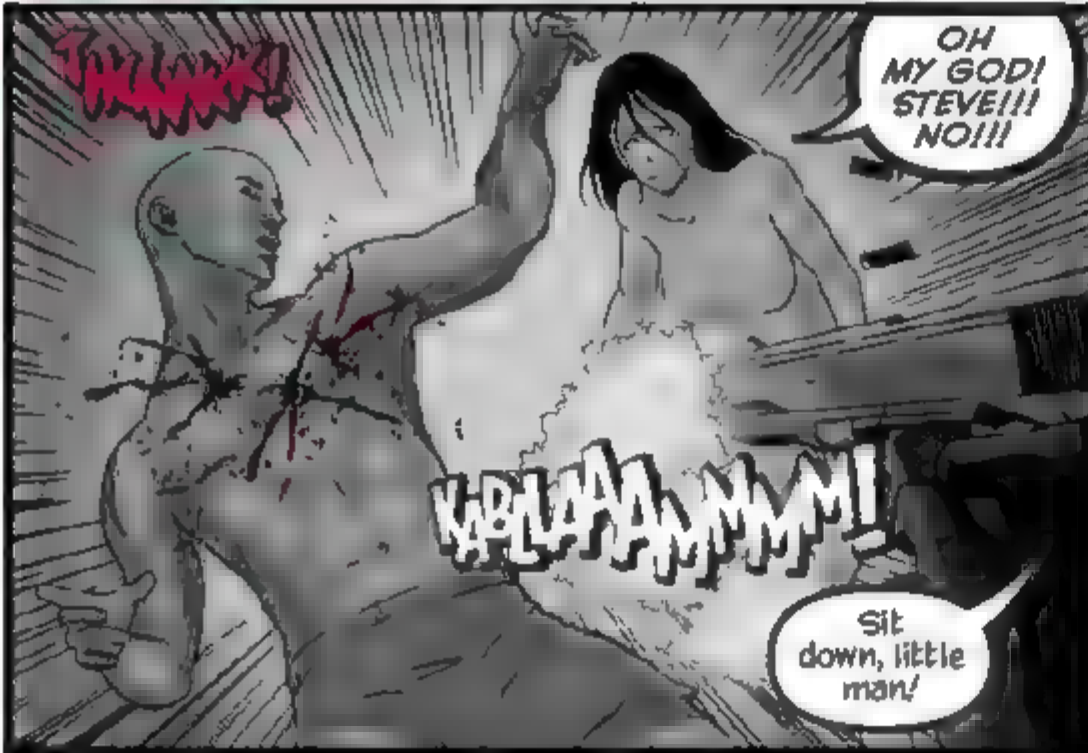
MMMM

MMHHMMMM



Oh yeah, baby! That's so good!

You're damn right it's good!





You couldn't have the decency to leave a quiet, peaceful town be, huh?

Had to bring the hood to us, is that right?! Seen punks like you my whole life... you're not tough!

Keep talking old man... you're just giving me more time...



KABLAAMMM!



~gulp~
~gulp~

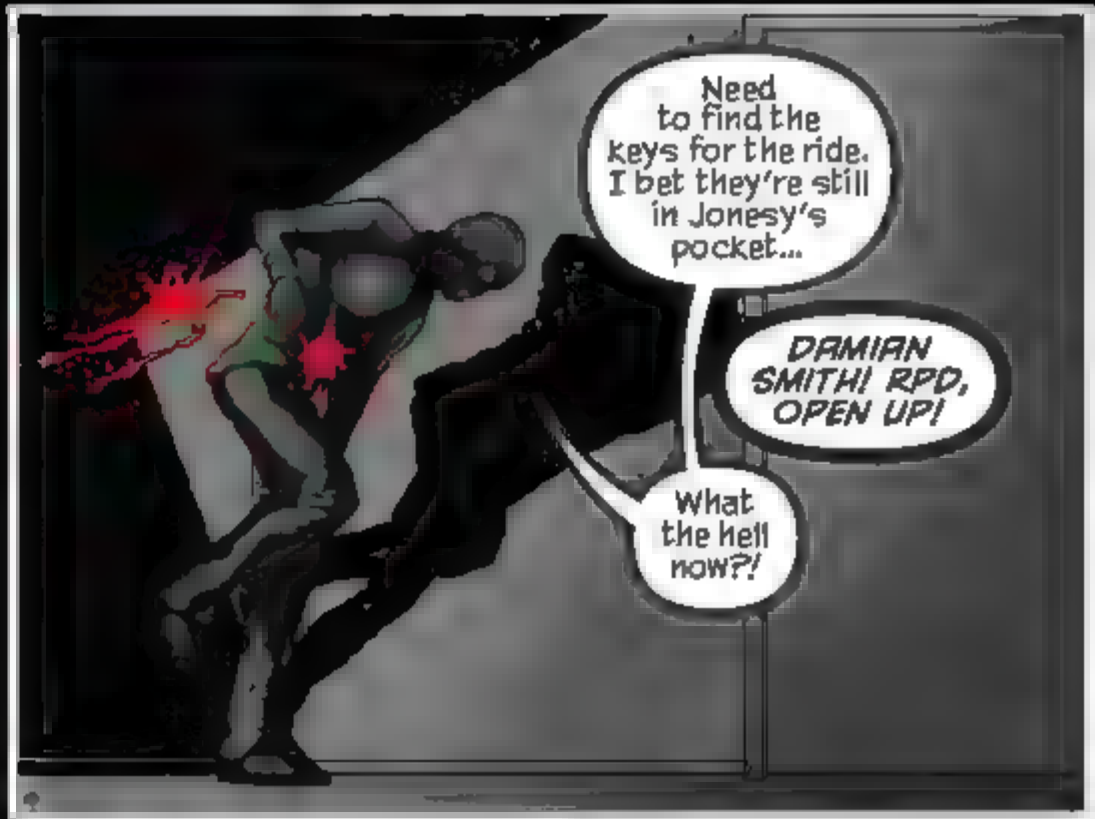
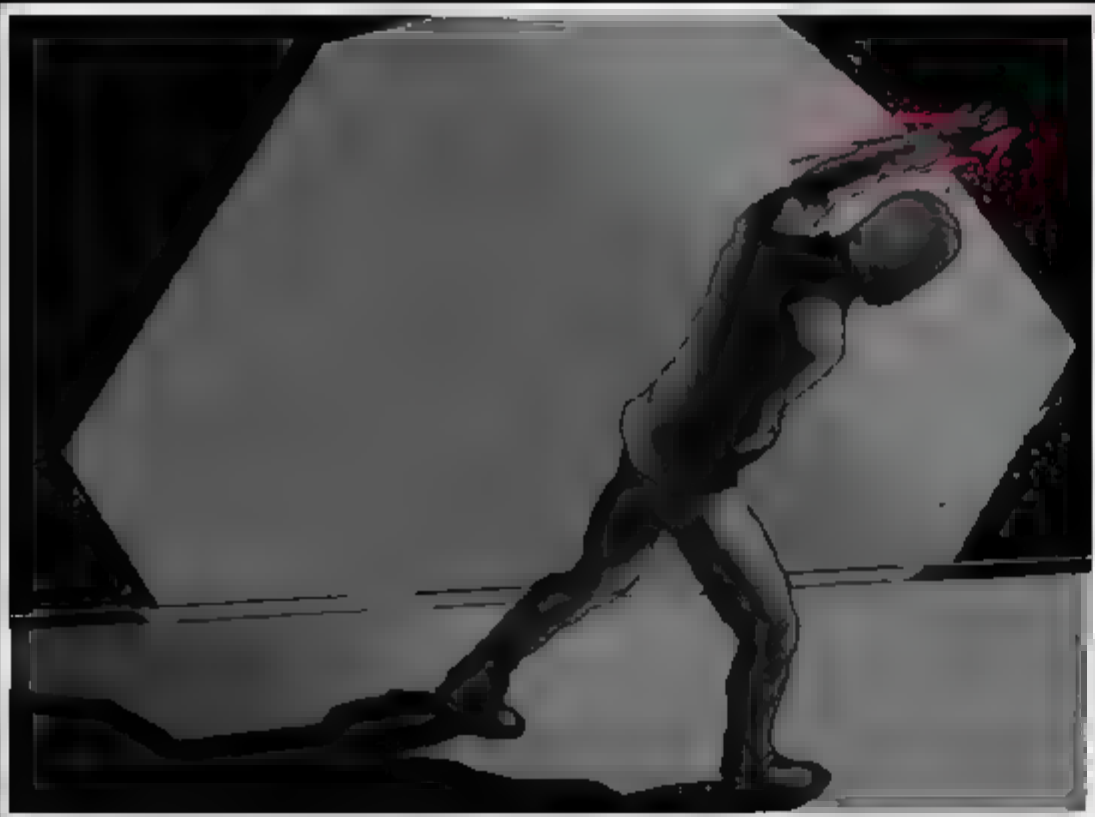
Sounds good... say, your wife home?



Hehehehehe.











Shit/
Michael... you
okay?

Ye-yeah...
I'm good/
Stings like
a son of a
bitch...

But
I know
I'm doing
better than
him.



Dispatch,
an officer's
been shot.
Perp has been
neutralized.

Requesting
immediate
medical
assistance
at the Smith
residence.

-cough-
cough-

So,
how'd you
enjoy your first
day on the
job? Heh.



What
a damn
shame...

What's
that,
sarg?

I kind
of liked his
music...

Haha/
I feel like
the new stuff
had too much
autotune,
myself.

Hey,
Zurich?

Yeah?

Thank you
for having my
back in there. That
was some fine
shooting.

I know
you would've done
the same for me...
see you at the office
in a couple days?
I'm sure we're gonna
have a stack of
paperwork!



Uhh,
ma'am...
we couldn't
find Smith's
body...

Ugghhh...
don't remind
me!





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